

Red River Prospector

RED RIVER, NEW MEXICO.

The Case of Central America.

As the preservation of peace by the Central American republics seems impossible, it has been suggested that the United States and Mexico unite in a protectorate over them after they have been combined into a single federation. Mexico and the United States already exercise an informal oversight over affairs in Central America. A little more than a year ago this country practically forced two of the warring republics to come to terms. This spring American warships patrolled the coasts of Honduras, Nicaragua and Salvador, protecting the property of foreigners so effectively that they seriously interfered with the activity of the contending armies. The Mexican government has lately struck a hard blow at revolutions by demanding that Guatemala surrender the Guatemalans responsible for the murder in Mexico of a former Guatemalan president. If Mexico insists that murder is murder even when done in the name of Central American revolution, the revolutionists will take thought before they rise in arms. There is a growing determination in the minds of Mexicans and Americans, says Youth's Companion, that if the Central Americans will not conduct themselves properly, force must be used. Whether the outcome will be a federation and a formal protectorate it is useless to prophesy. Several previous attempts at federation have failed. All the republics have agreed that arbitration is the proper way to settle disputes, and a formal treaty providing for arbitration has been concluded. But when a dispute arises, the republics disregard the treaty and rush to arms. As the business of the world draws more closely to the Caribbean sea, some way will be found to make the countries bordering it safe for the residence of business men.

Prince Louis of Orleans, regarded by the monarchists of Brazil as heir to Dom Pedro's throne, was not allowed to land in Rio de Janeiro, when the ship on which he was sailing to Paraguay entered the harbor. The Brazilian authorities regard as still in force the decree of banishment against Dom Pedro's family, passed by the provisional government immediately after the overthrow of the empire in 1889.

Ezra's Second Courting

BY BLANCHE TRENNOR HEATH

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The sun was blazing full on the vegetables in the back garden. Ezra Cole sat down in the shadow of the hedge and, pushing back his hat, drew a long breath. Just then he heard the front door close. Through the leaves, himself unseen, he saw two young men walking away. One of them turned and looked back. "I pity that woman," he exclaimed.

"What woman?" The other stared at him. "You can't mean Mrs. Cole? Why, her home is the very picture of comfort."

"Yes, but she isn't. She looks starved—oh, I don't mean for bread-and-butter, but as if her life lacked some—" The click of the gate behind them cut the sentence short.

Ezra Cole sat still, in utter bewilderment. His wife starved, unhappy even to a stranger's eye? And yet he was called a kind and generous husband. What was it she lacked? What did this young fellow mean?

He got up and went toward the house, stopping to pick a spray of late-blooming roses.

In the hot kitchen Mrs. Cole was ironing, keeping about her work mechanically. Ezra Cole wondered he had never before noticed that listless droop of the eyes and mouth, or realized the loneliness of her present life, her daughter gone, her husband absorbed in his work.

"Whew!" He sat down and fanned himself with his hat. He sat silent for a moment. "I see Mr. Langton's gun away," he went on. "Is he coming to board again?"

"No," she replied. "He's on his way to the mountains, but he said he couldn't pass through without just calling in. He wanted to be remembered to you." She paused with a faint smile. "I declare I was 'most ashamed; he asked all about everything here, and I couldn't answer hardly better than if I lived somewhere else. I didn't seem to know just what was going on."

"No," answered her husband. "You've kept pretty close to home of late."

He crossed over and laid the roses on her ironing table. "That's the last



Roses on Her Ironing Table.

"Sweet roses," he said. "Ain't they the village, neither," she replied to pick 'em," she said. "You're the last."

"Let 'em wither, I guess," he replied. "You used to like 'em, Almyr. Many's the night you when I come

"Ezra!" She spoke in a low voice, and her face glowed as she spoke. "Did you really remember those old times?"

"Oh, that's all right," the little dressmaker nodded back. "If your property—Mr. Cole'll tell you. I can't stop another minute."

"Oh, that's all right," the little dressmaker nodded back. "If your property—Mr. Cole'll tell you. I can't stop another minute."

"Well, I guess she's right," he answered, with a twinkle of the eye. "Anyhow, I told her to make it for you."

"You did! Why, then—a sudden light breaking on her—then you must have had it all planned out. Well, if ever! What in the world did you want to surprise me this way for?"

He laughed. "Well, I had a kind of fancy to, and then I was afraid if I told you, you'd raise some objection—say 'twas extravagant, likely."

"Well, so 'twas, just a mite. Though 'twas real good of you, too, Ezra. But the black silk would have done just as well."

"So it might, Almyr," he admitted. "But I kind of wanted you to have somethin' new."

At the sociable that evening Miss Simpson came fluttering up, full of nods and smiles.

"Almyr Cole," she chirped, "everybody's admiring your new dress. It's real becoming, an' a perfect fit. If I did make it myself! I didn't have time to explain," she went on, "but I don't want you should think I was deceivin' you about makin' a dress for Miss Den's sister. I did make her one, only it wasn't this."

Meanwhile Squire Hunter was talking with her husband across the room. The Squire had been one of her beaux before either was married.

"I declare, Cole," he chuckled, "your wife is the prettiest girl here to-night! Don't let on that I said so, though," with another laugh.

As they were going home Ezra Cole repeated the Squire's words to his wife. She laughed.

"It seemed good to see 'em all again," she said. "I've had a real pleasant evening, Ezra."

"So've I," he answered. "An' we'll keep it up, too. I tell you, Almyr," he went on earnestly, "I got a real sense of things the other day. What do you s'pose I'd care for workin' an' thrivin' if I hadn't you to share with me? There's just us two left now, an' I feel as if I was doin' my courtin' over again," he laughed.

She pressed his arm softly, and they walked homeward through the moonlight, as happy as a pair of birds of courtship.

"Well, 'twas this black silk," she held it up. "My husband and I were thinkin' of attendin' the sociable at Squire Hunter's. We'd like to show our respect for the minister, you know."

"Yes," agreed Miss Simpson. "Folks'll be real glad to see you neighborly again, Miss Cole. We've all missed you."

"But it's so long since I've been anywhere," resumed Mrs. Cole. "I don't know as I've got anything fit to wear. I expect this black silk looks old-fashioned."

Miss Simpson examined it critically. "The skirt's all right," she pronounced, "but them sleeves need fixin'. I'll tell you what, Miss Cole, sewin' it's you, I'll manage to do 'em over, though I'm terrible drowsy just now. An' that handsome lace'll make a real tasty trimmin'."

So the waist was rolled up. And then Miss Simpson declared that she must go.

"I've got a dreadful pressin' order," she said. "Miss Dr. Dent's sister is visitin' her, an' she's engaged me to make her a dress. An' now she's had to hurry off somewhere else to a wedding, an' has left everything to me. I'm to choose among these patterns, unfoldin' a paper of samples. 'Quittin' a compliment to my taste, ain't it, for she's real drowsy? Which of 'em do you like best, Miss Cole?"

Mrs. Cole looked them over admiringly. "I like this one best," she said, selecting a delicate silver-gray.

"Why, so do I," said Miss Simpson. "Well, I guess it must be," laughed Miss Simpson, "since we're both agreed. Then I'll decide on it right away."

Miss Simpson was never known to disappoint a customer. And sure enough, about noon on the day of the sociable she made her appearance with the waist.

After the waist had received its due praise, Miss Simpson bent down and lifted something from a box beside her. "I want you should have a peek at this," she said.

"Why, if it ain't that silver-gray!" cried Mrs. Cole. "My! Ain't that handsome!"

Without more ado she began trying the dress on Mrs. Cole, pulling and smoothing it into place.

"Well, if that ain't a perfect fit!" she exclaimed admiringly. "Looks 'most as if 'twas made for you, Almyr."

Having viewed the dress from every point, Miss Simpson took it off and laid it on the sofa. "I'm real obliged to you, Miss Cole," she said as she prepared to go. "I s'pose I'll see you at the sociable to-night? Well, good-afternoon."

"Mary Jane! Mary Jane!" Mrs. Cole called after her. "You're leavin' the dress!"

"Oh, that's all right," the little dressmaker nodded back. "If your property—Mr. Cole'll tell you. I can't stop another minute."

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Is the Sailors' Friend.

Sixty thousand sailors look to H. A. Hanbury for advice and for protection. Mr. Hanbury is the United States shipping commissioner for the port of New York. He is the sailors' judge and jury. The men who sign on foreign craft now must appear before him for their papers instead of going to the consuls of the various countries. He decides all disputed questions between the men and their sailing masters. Many of the abuses of these men that formerly were common, such as compelling them to buy their outfits from the ship owners or captains, have been done away with under Mr. Hanbury's rule. His office is on the Battery park, New York, where he easily can reach all the ships leaving that port.

INSURANCE INVESTMENTS.

How One Company's Assets Are Distributed in the South and West.

In connection with its withdrawal from Texas, along with many other companies, rather than to submit to the new law which requires that 75% of the reserves on Texas policies shall be invested in securities of that state, which securities shall be deposited in the state and subjected to heavy taxation, in addition to the large tax now imposed on life insurance premiums, the Equitable Life Assurance Society has made public the distribution of its assets, at the end of the second year of the new management. The Equitable now has \$10,958,000 invested in Texas, which is twice as much as the new law requires, but the management decided that to submit to the additional taxation would be an injustice to its policyholders in other states, which impose no such penalty on the thrift of their citizens.

The Equitable's report shows that more than 27% of its total reserves are now invested in the southern and western states, while only 35% of its total insurance is carried in these states. Its investments are distributed as follows:

Ala., \$3,099,000; Ark., \$974,000; Cal., \$4,058,000; Cal., \$5,142,000; Col., \$5,222,000; Fla., \$4,924,000; Ga., \$4,048,000; Idaho, \$5,197,000; Ill., \$12,617,000; Ind. Ter., \$443,000; Ind., \$6,826,000; Iowa, \$3,690,000; Kansas, \$11,637,000; Ky., \$2,631,000; La., \$3,054,000; Md., \$2,207,000; Mich., \$6,009,000; Minn., \$2,065,000; Miss., \$767,000; Mo., \$8,197,000; Mont., \$1,890,000; Neb., \$7,526,000; Nev., \$640,000; New Mex., \$1,376,000; N. C., \$1,649,000; N. D., \$677,000; Ohio, \$11,634,000; Okla., \$1,006,000; Ore., \$1,158,000; S. C., \$975,000; S. D., \$1,305,000; Tenn., \$1,909,000; Utah, \$2,134,000; Va., \$6,592,000; Wash., \$1,202,000; W. Va., \$5,523,000; Wis., \$2,342,000; Wyo., \$3,367,000.

New Austrian Railway.

Hitherto tourists from the United States who chose the southern trip to Europe left the steamer at Gibraltar or Naples, but many, chiefly those who had already been in Italy, now come to Trieste and continue from here their voyage by the new Austrian railway. There can hardly be a more beautiful country than the regions which are made accessible by this new Transalpine railroad. The new railway is owned by the state, and is 130 miles long. There are 42 tunnels, with a total length of ten miles. There are 50 bridges, one of which, across the river Isonzo, has the longest stone span in the world. There are, besides, as many as 678 smaller bridges and viaducts.—Consular Reports.

New in Wall Paper.

A new design in fancy wall paper patterns comes from Kansas City; also a way to utilize cancelled checks. A firm has had all its offices papered with old checks, placed neatly edge to edge. The face figures of the checks vary from \$30,000 to \$1,000, and the total for one room is \$5,000. As a gilt moulding runs around the edges of each check-panel, the general effect is rather pleasing.

A Vast Supply.

"Solomon was the wisest man," remarked the student. "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton, "he couldn't help being wise with so many wives to give him advice."

COFFEE COMPLEXION.

Many Ladies Have Poor Complexions from Coffee.

"Coffee caused dark-colored blotches on my face and body. I had been drinking it for a long while and these blotches gradually appeared, until finally they became permanent and were about as dark as coffee itself. I formerly had as fine a complexion as one could ask for."

"When I became convinced that coffee was the cause of my trouble, I changed and took to using Postum Food Coffee, and as I made it well, according to directions, I liked it very much, and have since that time used it in place of coffee."

"I am thankful to say I am not nervous any more, as I was when I was drinking coffee, and my complexion is now as fair and good as it was years ago. It is very plain that coffee caused the trouble."

Most bad complexions are caused by some disturbance of the stomach and coffee is the greatest disturber of digestion known. Almost any woman can have a fair complexion if she will leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee and nutritious, healthy food in proper quantity. Postum furnishes certain elements from the natural grains from the field that Nature uses to rebuild the nervous system and when that is in good condition, one can depend upon a good complexion as well as a good healthy body.

"There's a Reason." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

WAY OF THE EAST

TURKISH WIFE'S REVENGE ON FAITHLESS HUSBAND.

Subtle Poison Brought Quick End to Woman's Faded Romance—Revelation of a Tragic Secret of the Harem.

A Turkish subject who married an American man and lived in this country for six years has recently revisited the land of her birth. She has been describing for Appleton's Magazine some of her experiences. Here is one of them:

"Chakende Hanum was the daughter of Nazim Pasha. She was educated in the western fashion. She was as beautiful as an houri, and as good as Allah's own heart. She was given as a wife to Djamal Pasha, a young and dashing courtier. They were very much in love with each other, and he promised her that she should remain his first and only wife. Their marital life was blessed with two boys and one girl. Chakende grew more beautiful as happiness became her daily portion.

"One day, when she was returning with her retinue from a visit she had made in Stamboul, on the bridge of Galata, and in a closed carriage, she saw her husband in company with a foreign woman. That night when he came home she questioned him, and he only answered that the lady was a foreigner. Chakende Hanum understood that her husband did not wish to be asked any more questions. Early in the morning, however, she sent for her brother, and from him she learned what was generally known.

She took a few of her slaves and went to her country place. She stayed there for several days, giving the situation her whole thought; then she came back to her husband. She told him that she knew the truth, that she had thought the matter over and had decided to give him back his word as to her remaining his only wife. Thus he could marry the foreign lady. It was then that Djamal Pasha turned her from Allah. He laughed at her, and said that Mlle. Roboul of the French theatrical company was the kind of a woman that men loved, but did not marry. Chakende Hanum said nothing, but that very same day went into her garden and plucked roses from a laurel tree. You know, young Hanum, what you can do with those roses?"

A shiver ran down my back as I nodded.

A few nights later when Djamal Pasha was about to retire, Chakende Hanum prepared his sherebet for him. Her hand did not tremble, though her face was white as she handed it to him. It did not last long; Djamal Pasha died from an unexplained malady; but Chakende Hanum kept on plucking laurel roses daily. After a little while they put her in her little grave, too, five years ago."

We sat silent for awhile. The moon had traveled fast and was now near the water, bridging the Bosphorus with her moonlight. The garden, the hills and the water changed with the changing slant of the rays, and became more wondrously enchanting still, though that had not seemed possible before, and enthralled me with the fascination of the east—the east whose language and ways of dealing with right and wrong had been alien to me for six years.

What Were They Talking About?

The other day a deaf old woman was talking to a deaf old man in a country town. Each was leaning on a cane and shouting to the other, while a hand was cupped at an ear of each. The old woman was saying:

"That's just what Mirandy was tellin' me. She says she's got so she eats hern fest as good as if they were natcheral ones, but it took her a terrible while 't' git ust to 'em. It was offe awkward at first, she says. Some nights she jest had 't' lay an' bathe 'er gums in alum water th' whole night."

"Hey?"

"Some nights, I say, she had 't' wash 'er mouth with alum water all night long a'most."

"Well, well?"

"I've most made up my mind 't' have these 'ns uv mine took out. Mirandy says when she had hern took out she hed 17 uv 'em pulled at a settin' an' never took a thing. I do 'no if I could stand that er not. But I guess I'll hev 'em took out. If they was jest two er three a-chin' ye could hev 'em filled, but when they's eight er nine jest a-jumpin' ev'ry night, I guess it must be neuralogy, don't ye think so?"

The listener had got more than a block away by this time, so he could not hear quite as distinctly as before. But, though he hadn't heard anything mentioned, he felt fairly sure of the subject of the conversation.

Disaster Dogs' Names.

Another member of the Giolitti cabinet in Italy has fallen a victim to the fatality which seems to dog its footsteps. Sig. Majorana, the minister of the treasury, the youngest and most promising member of the government, who was publicly designated as his successor by Sig. Giolitti last summer, has fallen ill and has gone to Stelly, leaving his resignation in the premier's hands. Thus, in 11 months, no fewer than four out of 11 members of the Giolitti cabinet have died or resigned from ill health—a fact which has much impressed the superstitious who believe implicitly in the evil eye.

MRS. DE PASSE OF NEW YORK CITY

"I Consulted Several Physicians, but they Did Me No Good. Peruna and Man-a-lin Helped Me."



MRS. ALINE DEPASSE.

Mrs. Aline DePasse, 776 E. 106th St., New York, N. Y., writes:

"It gives me pleasure to testify to the curative qualities of Peruna and Manalin."

"I was afflicted for over seven years with catarrh of the head, throat and digestive organs. I consulted many physicians, but they did me no good. One day I happened to read some testimonials in your Peruna almanac. I decided to try Peruna and Manalin. I bought a bottle of each, and after taking them for a week I noticed a change for the better. So I kept it up, and after using twelve bottles I was perfectly cured."

"I also gave the medicine to my children and they had the same beneficial result. I would never be without these remedies in the house."

"I highly recommend Peruna and Manalin to all my friends, and in fact to everybody."

Miss Mildred Grey, 110 Weimar St., Appleton, Wis., writes:

"It gives me pleasure to recommend Peruna for catarrh of the stomach. I had this disease for a number of years and could not enjoy a mouthful of food that I ate. It was indeed a great relief when I hit upon Peruna, and obtained decided results from the first. I took six bottles before I felt entirely cured of my trouble, but I had an aggravated case."

Pure White Lead is the Natural Paint Pigment

Numerous compounds are being offered to take the place of white lead as a paint, but no real substitute for it has yet been found. Pure White Lead has a peculiar property of amalgamating with the wood upon which it is used—added to this it has an elasticity which permits the paint to follow the natural expansion and contraction of the wood. Pure White Lead (with its full natural tenacity and elasticity, unimpaired by adulterants), alone fulfills all the requirements of the ideal paint. Every keg which bears the Dutch Boy trade mark is positively guaranteed to be absolutely Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process.

SEND FOR BOOK "A Talk on Paint," gives valuable information on the paint subject. Sent free upon request.

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is a mild cured and perfectly cooked corned beef, and carefully packed in Libby's Great White Kitchens. It is prepared as carefully as you would make it in your own kitchen.

It has the characteristic and delicious flavor of the right kind of corned beef.

For Quick Serving.—Libby's Corned Beef, cut into thin slices, arranged on a platter and garnished with Libby's Chow Chow makes a tempting dish for luncheon, dinner or supper.

Ask your grocer for Libby's and insist upon getting Libby's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

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HORSES & MULES

At very small expense you can cure your work horses' sore shoulders, sore necks or sore backs and not lose a single day's work. Security Ointment will do it, and after the first application he will be out of pain. This is also good policy, for he will surely do more work without running down. If your stock gets cut from both sides, or anything else, be sure and use Security Antiseptic Ointment. It will cure a cut very quickly. Dealers everywhere. Security Remedy Co., Minneapolis, Minn.